Mooing in the Fields while the Men are Sol-

THE FEMALE LABORERS OF CONTINEN-TAL EUROPE AND THE BAST.

diering-A Woman Stores in Austria-Field Workers in the Orient-In Japan. One of the things that impresses the American globe trotter as singular at first is the spectacle of women working in the fields. He sees this in almost every country in the world but his own: in every country, in fact, but the United States and England and her solonies. Leaving out the English-speaking race, it is quite safe to assert that more than half the drudgery of farm work is done by women. Chivalrous and gallant by nature, and, moreover, used to treating and seeing others treat the fair sex with a homage little short of worship at home, pity for the women is not mingled with a feeling of contempt for those who are responsible for their degradation to beasts of burden. It is difficult for the American to regard as civilized, nations that exact from their women such work as hod earrying and hoeing fields of turnips.

One begins to see some women at work in the fields as soon as he strikes the Continent of Europe. With big. clumsy wooden shoes and coarse blue gowns on the rosy-cheeked peasant women of Normandy take to manual labor outdoors as naturally as ducks take to the water. Perchance their husbands are all away on military duty, leaving the whole care of the little farm on the wife's shoulders till their return. Instead of repining at this hard life one can hear them singing merrily as larks about the fields as they toil, or chatting gayly as

they stroll homeward in groups in the evening.

About the hardest working women I saw anywhere were in Wurtemberg and Bavaria, and on through Austria-Hungary. The uplands of Wurtemberg are sunproductive, and require no end of labor and manuring to raise anything like decent crops. The fields were swarming with women and children. Some were gathering stones and piling them in by the roadside, some were hoeing. ploughing with oxen, distributing manure, or carrying huge bundles of green stuff home on their heads to feed to the mileh cows. The custom in Germany is to out and carry home feed for cattle instead of letting them graze.

Many women were at work on the roads, breaking heaps of flints for macadamizing, or repairing ditches with pick and shovel. Now and then I passed a man, but he was invaria-bly trimming an apple tree, tinkering at some farm implement, or attending to other business than the heavy drudgery of the fields. All of the latter seemed to fall to the share of the women. Under these conditions I expected to find them long-faced, and down-trodden in demeanor: instead of which, they seemed to be quite the reverse. Laughter and song seemed to be their normal condition, and merry peals of laughter and bandinage would greet my appearance on the road with the bicycle. Though working like cattle in the fields, and going home at night to munch a coarse alice of rye bread and an onion for supper, they were undoubtedly contented and happy with their lot. The bliss that comes of ignorance left no room for discontent by drawing comparisons. These peasant women of Germany, passing their hard lives in manuring stony rye fields and making macadam roads, are no more conscious of degradation than are the cows they milk and drive to the plough. Matters seem to get worse instead of better

as one passes eastward into Austria. In the smiling villages and towns of the upper Danubian provinces one sees the women in short dresses and bare feet carrying bricks and mortar up the ladnew buildings and wheeling barrows of dirt from the excavations. All sense of gallantry, or even of common deference to womankind, seems to be confined entirely to the upper classes, and to the more refined elements of the larger cities. I doubt very much if the worst side of slavery in this country ever presented scenes more revolting to the average American mind than what may be witnessed any day in an Austrian country town. Girls of 16 or 18, who ought to be at

school, or, at any rate, engaged in domestic pursuits, are doing the work of bricklayers' coarse dresses that barely cover their naked extremities to the knees.

In all this outdoor employment of women, the brutal and bigotted assumption that the masculine biped is in every way their superior grops out in all directions. One not pees of the stone, or doing anything in the field that requires the least application of the intellect. Their case is always the case of the Irishmen who wrote home and told his wife that america was a great country for a laboring man: "All I brioks and morther up the ladders, and there's men up there to do all the worruit."

About the worst thing I remember seeing in Austria, however, was a woman literally harnessed to a cart. One often meets big working the common actually harnessed up on the road. The woman actually harnessed up on the road woman actually harnessed up on the road woman actually harnessed up on the road allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road allowed allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road the world allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road the harden allowed the common actually harnessed up on the road the harden allowed the harden allowed

but the peculiar social organisation, that forbids the promiseous mingling of the saxes in public, operates to the advantage of the Turk she peasant women when it comes to building houses or making roads. They go out into the fields with their husbands, however, and do their full share of the hardest work. One often sees a big siz-foot Turkish peasant resping grain aide by side with a little bundled-up figure doing the same thing. The little bundled-up figure is his wife; and if the sees stranger coming along the road she hastily pulls down her yash-mak, or face veil. Bhe has to perform the double duty of working and keeping her eye open for the appearance of strangers. I have often heard the husband yell savagely at the industrious little body because she had not observed my approach until I was near enough to see her face.

If the men of the East are indolent and lazy, the women seemed to me to be just the reverse. There is no more industrious set of people on earth than the peasant women of Asia; no people who spend so much of their lives in the noble accomplishment of killing time as these same women's husbands and brothers. I have frequently met an Oriental female returning home from her labors in the field at dusk, carrying a fat, heavy baby, a clumay hoe not much lighter than the youngster, and an earthen-ware water pitcher, and, at the same time, industriously spinning wool with a hand spindle. Whether the poor woman had been carrying the infant, theeing barley, and spinning wool at the same time ail day, quien sabe.

In return for being the obedient slave and industrious drudge that she is, the Turkish woman has practically no rights that her husband is bound to respect. Bhe is regarded as a being almost as irresponsible as the goats she gets up before daybreak to milk. If she does anything to annoy him, or is diobedient, her lord and master has full privilege to chastise her with a stick, as though she were the merest animal or unruly child. I remember calling at a Turkish village one morning to get s

grave.

The British Government and English benevolence are doing much to ameliorate and improve the social condition of Indian women, but their emancipation is a work of time and

improve the social condition of indian women, but their emancipation is a work of time and perseverance.

In China, notwithstanding the girl baby is considered hardly worth the bringing up, one finds the women of the working classes holding their own far better than in most Asiatic and even some European countries. They work in their fleids with their husbands, but they are not saddled with the heaviest and most disagreeable tasks. On the contrary, I found them more considered than the women of Austria and Wurtemburg.

In Japan the peasant women take to the fleids, road-making, &c., with their husbands on terms of perfect equality. There is nothing of slave and master in the relations of wife and husband there; if anything, the women seem to take the lead in the affairs of life. But the Japs are a wonderful people any way you take them.

THOMAS STEVENS.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS AND TEARS. Every Day Experiences in the Life of Police Court Justices.

It was 8 o'clock at night and the sounds of innumerable clocks striking the hour had just died away. In the rear of 77 East 124th street, a three-story and base-ment brown stone front, with handsome stained glass in the hard wood door, a strong, handsome man in the prime of life was busy in his study. Through the open window could be distinctly heard the whistles of tugs and steamboats on the Harlem River and the steady hum of the 125th street cable. Through the same window came fresh air from the meadows of Morrisania, blown by a north wind across the Harlem River. The man was deeply engrossed in reading the newspapers. Sudthe door was opened and a soft voice could be heard in whispered inquiry. Soon the maid appeared at the door of the study.
"A lady to see you, sir," she said.

The man looked at her in mute interrogation. Something in her face seemed to answer him. for he sank back in his chair with a resigned but bored look. "Did she say what she wanted?" he asked,

after some hesitation.
"No. sir." was the reply. "I asked her, but she said she wanted to see you personally."
"Well, let her come in." said the man.

In a moment the caller had passed over the threshhold, and was timidly advancing toward im. She was a pale, rather refined-looking woman, with many lines of care traced in her delicate countenance. She was about 35 years

of age. Her features were not handsome and probably never had been; but there was something pleasing and gentle in the expression of her Iace, although at this moment it were a look of intense griof. She was poorly and rather shabbily dressed, but there was an air of neatness about her which botokened cleanliness even in dire poverty. She was attired in mourning. She paused as she came close to the desk.

"It is about my boy, sir," she said. "Won't you please let me have him. I'm sure he meant no haim. He never was in trouble before, and I'm quite sure he never will do it again. He's the only one I have left, and it will break my heart to loose him, too."

Here she broke down utterly, and deep sobs burst from her. Her delicate frame shook with the intensity of her grief. and tears streamed down her face. The man to whom she was appealing struggled with himself for a moment before answering. He was much touched by the sincerity of her grief.

"You are the lady I saw this afternoon." he said at length.

"Yes, sir," she replied, struggling once more to conquer her emotion. "I have seen him since then, and, oh, he is so corry and repentant. He will never do it squin, sir, and he is so miserable. Oh, please let him go this time: I was a supplied to be in the perite. He was much touched by the since then, and, oh he is so sorry and repentant. He will never do it squin, sir, and he is so miserable. Oh, please let him go this time: I was a supplied to be in the perite. He was the well brought up; and it is only since his father died, a year ago, that he has been associating with these bad boys, who have led him into trouble. He is a good boy at heart; indeed, he is. This will be a lesson to him, and he will never do bad again."

"That's what they all say when they are in trouble, he replied. "It he difficulty is that they force their promises very quickly when they have regained their freedom."

The man pondered earnostly, which was a hard thing to do with the gaze of the heart-broken woman fixed upon his face.

"Well,

THE TAILOR-MADE SUIT. ITS STILE AND WHAT SHOULD BE

WORN WITH IT.



will be in one of the latest and most approved styles. The one from which this cut was taken is of Aubusson or tapestry green ladies' cloth of the finest quality. Every seam is pressed with the big smoothing iron that tailors use, called a goose. The edges of the bodice, of the high collar, of the sleeves, and of all parts of the suit that are generally bound, or faced, or hemmed, are in this particular suit and in all tailor gowns stitched in the same way that a man's coat and waistcoat are

on the edges and are pressed with a goose. The Boulanger hat that the young woman wears is of Aubusson or tapestry green felt, to match the color of her suit. The deep up-turned side brims are of plush of the same color. The ribbons and curled cocks' plumes that form the trimmings are in shot and graded shades of green, blue and red, but nostly green. The gloves are of olive-green undressed kid,

but sometimes the woman prefers to wear tancolored Suedes. Her button boots have cloth tops and patent

but sometimes the woman prefers to wear tancolored Suedes.

Her button boots have cloth tops and patent leather trimmings on French-kid foxings.

Shoes, glovos, and the hat must match in a correct tailor suit. Moreover, her fine, sheer, batiste handkerchief must have either the centre or the fancy border of the color of the color of the gown or of a delicately tinted contrasting or harmonizing color. Then her well-made English umbrella must not only be of slik serge of the color of the gown, but the metal or jew-selled or carved wood handle must take a hint in color from the same source.

If she wears a watch, the queen's chain, a short fob chain and bail ornament, must be as a quiet as possible, of dull gold, and the jewels in the bail must be emeraled, topaxes, rubles, garnets, turquoises, or enamel, to match the color of her gown and hat. Diamonds are worn with any kind of tailor suit, but to be in good taste for such wear they should be very small, and set into the gold of the bail on the othain, or in the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin, brooch, or ring in sunken and it is a sunker of the pin sunke



and pressed edges, just as a gentleman's afternoon coat is. The pockets are set in and the straps on, precisely like the pockets of the afternoon coat that a fashionable young man wears to a 5 o'clock tea. Sometimes the material of which these tallor coats are made is English homespun or cheviot in checks as big as those worn by the gentlemen this fall. Bemetimes striped cloth or homespun is preferred. Occasionally a coat of Irish frieze or blarney cloth is turned out of a first-class establishment. But no matter how rough and coarse looking the stuff of which it is made, it must be tallor cut, tailor finished, and fit like a glove to be fashionable. Its buttons, buttonholes, linings, stitching, bindings must all wear the stamp of tallor's shears, needles, and the goose. It may even have a sik-lined hood in the back, but the hood must be tallor cut and pressed, and the lining must be of some shade matching the stuff of the coat and hair lined or striped or barred with some bright but harmonizing color or with white.

There are many varieties of the tallor jacket or coat. Some are handsomely braided, others are severely plain. Some have velvet collars and cuffs. Some have little caps covering the upper part of the sleeve and buttoned with three small buttons on the top of the arm to match the buttons that fasten the elseves at the wrist and those buttoning up the front. Some have local server deaths.

breasted. Some have Fedora fronts laid in pressed pleats. Some have big buttons, others buttons of medium size, and still others very small buttons. Buttons of horn or carved wood, imitation dull stones, and plain basting and silk-covered buttons are allessen on these

sindes of Gobelin blue, Aubusson green, mahogany red, and grays and browns, and trimmed with tinted metal buttons as finely finished as gems.

The hat or bonnet worn with the tailor wrap is of felt or cloth. Its trimmings are ribbon and cocks plumes, curled or straight, but all must be harmonious. That does not mean there shall be no bright color in the trimming. On the contrary, a dash of yellow, bright blue, green, or red is essential to give point and piquancy to a sober suit of gray, brown, Acajon, Gobelin blue, tapestry green, or brown.

Cloth bonnets are in high favor on the other side, and will doubtless soon make their appearance here. A little coustin in Paris, who makes dress a study and a delight, writes: "The cloth bonnet is a deliciously cosey, cumning little affair. It has small, pinked out, overlapping edges in contrasting colors. One I saw at Reboux was in brown and cream color, the pieces of cloth being arranged to fall alternately in the two colors. Another, of dark mahogany red, was a close capote, with folds of creamy white crèpe arranged in front. The soft crèpe was tied in a knot in the centre of the folds in a manner that suggested a widow's cap, the most subtly becoming head dress in the world. The strings were plain pieces of red cloth pinked out on one side and the selvago on the other. A most original bonnet."

The Richelieu is a new hat with a moderately high crown, flat on top and a soft upturned brim all around, wider in the back than in front. Around it is a wide band of gold galloon and a small black cockade just like an English groom's. The hat is of purple cloth.

Very different are the bonnets worn with the most cut. The frock is French, of course. None but the French or American dressmaker turns out such a gown. The wrap, too, is French, and



so is the bonnet, one of Virot's. The whole tollot is a work of art; a symphony in black and silver. The silk is black peau de sois embroidered at intervals in very small leaves and stars in line silver thread. The trimming is black and silver lace. Black velvet, starred with silver, forms the panels, the waistcoat, and the lower part of the sleeves. The wrap is also of peau de soie and velvet, and trimmed and embroidered to match the frock. Such a tollet is suitable only for ceremonious visits, made in a carriage, not on foot. But do not imagine a loud or fussy suit. Not at all. From the velvet bonnet, with its net of silvor and black and white feathers and black and white noirs ribbon strings and loops, the black gloves stitched delicater with its net of feathers and black and white moirs ribbon strings and loops, the black gloves stitched delicately with silver, or white silk that looks like silver, on the back, the tout ensemble is quiet and refined in the highest degree. The same duplicated in black silk and fine cut jet would be elegant for a promenade in the Fifth avenue for afternoon calls and for church, provided the lady's devotions are made in a fashionable up-town church. There is quite a difference between the outlines of this gown, wrap, and bonnet, as our readers will percieve, and that of the tailor gown and wrap. Such tollets as this are rarely worn before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, unless it may be at a fashionable luncheon or wedding breakfast at noon.

THE DECLINE OF KISSING.

Some of the Reasons Why It has Fallen into Desuetude. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean

Rissing is out of style. Nobody does it now but sweethearts, young children, and teachers. The first blow was struck by the decease of Princess Alice. Even the time of the decease of Princess Alice. Even the practice has been denounced, and in families where proper respect is paid to hygiene, children are cautioned against promiseuous kissing.

In society a woman is not kissed twee in a season. When an old friend is greeted and she advances with her lips the victim turns hor face and the caress falls askance. Possibly the very woman who is opposed to the practice takes the initiative, but her lips never meet lips. She may kiss within a fraction of your mouth-kiss your chin, your cheek, or your forehead; kiss your "eyelid into repose," or kiss your hair-but if she has had any training, socially, she will never kiss your mouth. The repugnance to kissing is due largely to academic training. In nearly all the famous colleges for women there is a special teacher, or doctress, in physiology; and in the so-called oral recitations the pernicious effects of osciulation are considered at great length. By way of tolerating what seems to be a necessary evil, various theories are advanced and various provisions advocated. The girl who comes from Smith College, Northampton, kisses on the oblique line that falls from the left corner of your mouth, but when kissed, is so adroit in the way she jerks her head that the point of salutation may be found on a radius from the right of her domure little mouth. The Vassar graduate kisses more than her Smith College friend, but the chin is her choice, as you will observe in an attempt to salute her. The seniors from Wesley press their kisses high up on the face, almost under the sweep of the eyelash, and the Lake Forest and Harvard Annex maidens kiss at a point equally distant from the right of her domure little mouth. The kiss of a well-brod chaperone, who, mindful of the time and trouble spent over the powder box, cently presses her lips on your hair just north of your care. The minis

THE HAREM AT THE BATH.

HOW THE TURKISH WOMEN BATHE AND

MAKE THEIR TOILETS. Scenes in a Public Bathing House Near Constantinople-Froitching Women in the Great Basin-Their Fine Forms,

From the St. Louis Republic N all the best Turkuse of the family, used on certain days

ed exclusively to the use of the family, used on certain days or hours by the women and on others by the men. Others again have two sets of baths, one for the women and the other for the men. These baths are heated with hot air, which comes from a large furnace, situated at quite a distance from the house, and fed by wood and charcoal. The heat is carried in such a way as not different rooms is hot but dry, which is not so unpleasant and sufficient gas the so-called Turkish baths here. The three rooms being passed, the ladles go into the last, where there is a fountain of perfumed water, and where the last part of the cleanaing takes place.

Just outside the limits of Constantinople, up in the Golden Horn, is Aga-Hammam, a bath frequented by many ladles of the highest position, not because they have no baths of their own, but because they have no baths of their own, but because they have no baths of their own, but because they have no baths of their own, but because they have no baths of their own, but because they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their own, but hecause they have no baths of their sons, and, as wives are not choose a bride for their sons, and, as wives are not chosen for their mental, but physical beauties alone, certainly this is the place to choose, where beauty is quite unadorned, and, therefore, of this bath we will speak.

The ladles arrive, each one attended by her own personal servant, and another who bears a very substantial lumeh basket and a handsome gold-bordered bathing wrap. The enduced and receive a crape sheet, which they drape about them while they sit the regulation length of time in the first room. During this time they chat with each other, though not



very familiarly, and they keep up the pretence of the drapery until they reach and pass the next room, after which the sheet and modesty are both thrown off, and with their abundant hair streaming loose and unconfined they walk erect into the last room as Eve did about the Garden of Eden, and here they stretch themseives out upon the marble slabs while two attendants rub them and lather them and pour hot water over them until it seems as if they would be boiled.

Each lady is laid upon a marble slab which is slightly inclined, and two attendants begin their labors, one at the feet and the other at the head, and they use a sort of clay, called pilo, which raises a thick white lather, which sometimes grows several inches thick. The attendants use nothing but this soany clay and their hands to cleanse their subject with, and they rub and knead and punch until it seems they would reduce the flesh to a palp, all the while leaving this lather to accumulate until the bather looks like a snowbail. Another kind of soap is used for the hair, and another again for the face, but the lather is always left to gather thick as the worker rubs and toils, the perspiration rolling in streams down her own glistening body. Sometimes these attendants are white, sometimes black as any negro in our own country, as it is quite a common thing for a man to make a wile of his Abyssinian slavo. These inky ladies wear the Turkish vell as religiously as do the white wives, and, indeed, the color line is not drawn closely at all in the Orient.

This Turkish bath is lighted from the roof and through stained glass, and the colored light falls upon the forms laid out beneath with beautiful effect. A large fountain with a deep basin stands in the middle of this room, and numberless little pives throw off sprays of perfumed water above the slabs on which the ladies lay like animated snow dakes, kicking and squealing when soan gets into their eyes or mouths, or when the attendants tickle them unexpectedly. A little sliver basin stands at hand, and



Words cannot depict the utter abandonment to fun and sport that takes possession of these women, and children, too, for after a girl is 9 years old she is admitted to women's society unrestrainedly. The young girls are all plumper than our young girls, and they have in the main fine figures, though the knees are always big and prominent, which is caused by the habit of sitting cross-legged. Their skin is ivery white and pure, in spite of their unwholesome diet and indolenthabits.

When they have sported about in the basin to their heart's content, the servants bring in their luneh baskets, and the women squat flat on the dripping floor, and, without any other garments than their trickling hair, eat, after which the women return to the water again and splash about them for a short time longer, and then proceed to their dressing rooms, the bathing gown now for the first time being produced.

Then they go and seat themselves on stools, after a short lounge on a divan and a cigarette or so and coffee, and the professional beautifiers take charge of them. First the hair is thoroughly dried and picked out free from tangles and smoothed with the hands only until it is soft and glossy as allk. Then it is braided in two long tresses, though some affect other styles of dressing it. The hair is almost always ranged in scallops. The hair research detections are such as the set of the styles of dressing it. The hair is almost always ranged in scallops. The hair research the tech glisten, and thot oth polisher comes, and with a brush and charcoal powder makes the tech glisten, and these women are quite expert dentists, pulling bad teeth and filling those possible to save. After her comes the painter, with her little box. She begins by first bathing the fine and need and arms with balm of Gilead, which makes the skin from injury by the paints applied later. Then the every brows and eyelashes are died with kohol, which makes them look larger and more expressive. After the research wind enhances greatly the beauty of their eyes

the addition of the services of a pedicare, for loose as these women wear their shoes, they have corns, bunions, and severe chiliblains.

When all this is done they are ready to be dreased for the street. The first garment is a Broussa crape undershirt or chemise, with long, loose sleeves and made values at the new the control of the street of the them and the control of the street of the st



After the ladies are dressed they sit and chat and smoke or eat sweets until the eunuch comes for each party. During these baths while different haroms and different women are while different harems and different women are brought together, many weightier questions are decided than could be believed possible in such childlike creatures, for here meet those who wish to place their sons or husbands in office, and they manage to promise such and such presents to one of the ladies who, perhaps, is a friend to one of the inmates of the Grand Vizier's harem, or, possibly, even the importal harem, and after that the rest is an easy matter.

compete with the Aga-Hammam of the Golden Horn for political importance, nor as a place of social meeting, nor amusement.

From Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters.

I went to the bath about 10 o'clock. It was

already full of women. It is built of stone. In the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the shape of a dome, with no windows being less than the rost, and serving ouly as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman the value of a crown or ten shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paves with more than the same stone and the stone of the shape of the same and the stone with the same sort of marble of the water in this room. falling first into marble basins and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it it was impossible to stav there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers have a mind to.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding drees, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to a stranger. I believe, in the whole, there were 200 women, active whispassed through the state of nature—that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any described on the second their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature—that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any benuty or defect conceased. Yet there was not the least wan jon smile or immedest gesture anong them majorate grace which Milton describes of our general mother. There were many goundaless was drawn by

THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN.

FEMININE DIVERSIONS HAVE NEW AND CURIOUS FEATURES.

Excursionists who Gather Autumn Leaves and Huntresses who shoot at Birds-A. Little Trickery More and There,

The old trick of the men who depart loaded with game bags and shotguns, and hold up on the return trip at Fulton Market, buy braces of partridges and bunches of woodcock, has incited the small boy to a branch of industry. At this time of year city girls, properly costumed, go off to the country to gather autumn leaves. Companies even run excursion trains weekly to remote points for the autumn leaf gatherers. So at the various little stations you find freekle-faced country boys with stacks of gorgeous branches prettily arranged for twenty-five cents a bundle. The ladies buy as many as they can tug, hang round the station till the roturn train, and re-turn home without as much as going off the plank platform, to relate the beauty of the woods and display the trophies of their industry and toil. There is as much humbug about the sports and amusements of women as of men. The wool shops are full of splendid embroideries, completed save some simple vein-ings or "fillings-in." Ladies buy these elaborate works of art, and ostentatiously do the little odds and ends left by the skilled embroiderers. Then hear the frauds discourse of the difficulties they have overcome. I heard a girl telling of a tapestry she was " filling in." "I picked that girl's face out twice," said she.

"I was determined it should have a suitable expression of sadness. 'Good-by.'"
"What delicate stitches," said a gentleman. "They are almost invisible. The face is beautifully done."

The dumbhead, who knew nothing of embroidery beyond the cross stitch with which she was putting a solid band of blue chenille about the whole performance, expatiated about the whole performance, expatiated about the sad effect upon her eyes of those wonderful stitches, when an old fancy work sharp spoke up:

"Those faces are painted upon satin; they are not done with a needle. In all the foreign pieces we buy now the faces are painted on the thickest white satin."

Slience fell upon the party, Miss Sapphira felt very much as old Ananias did when he brought home a bag of game, and, the old lady remarked, "It was high time he shot those birds. They wouldn't have kept another day."

remarked. "It was high time he shot those birds. They wouldn't have kept another day."

Speaking of articles brought across the ocean, a tourist resident of this city said to the writer: "The Custom House people at New York in old times got nipped. I don't know how it is now. A clothler came home on the steamer with me, years ago, with his two or three sons, the old lady, and daughters, one of them about to marry, and to that end possessed of trunk after trunk full of linery. The father picked out a customs officer with a shrewd cast of countenance, and handed him his keys and his business cards. There were labels pasted on that batch of baggage in no time, and more than likely Mr. Officer won't buy a suit of clothes in a couple of years, for this was a case where virtue got its reward. But there's an instance very unlike the other. A dealer in ladies' wear was on the same ship with our worthy clothler, and she was examined by a female officer. She undid her trunks and talked volubly of the nuisance of unpacking things in such close, unpleasant weather. She had about her shoulders a beautiful jetted wrap, which, with a very knowing look, she throw about the Custom House woman, saying it was too warm to wear it, and that it was very becoming to her—the searcher of baggage. As she felt the weight of it and caught the glimmer of lovely jet there was no resisting the fascination. On went the labels, and the traveller walked off with her trunks. In twenty minutes a young man appeared, and asked for his ma's wrap, which she had forgotten, and which was on the examiner's shoulders at the time.

"She just put it on you when she was unlocking the trunks,' said he, there being no tidy place to lay it. I 'spose you knew she'd come back for it."

"He quietly removed it, and left the Custom House woman in the lurch."

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Our most assiduously fashionable girls are not shooting their own follies, but birds, as they fly; or at least they are trying to hit the winged game with rifles. Out at Tuxedo, shooting is a favorite sport for maidens and young matrons. Light, dainty, silver-mounted weapons are reguishly popped off, and sometimes a bird is hit. A pretty little gamebag is always slung at the huntress's side, and she never returns without something in it; but there is a scandalous rumor that the dead warblers are bought ready shot from boys, who make a good income transiently out of the fad.

Adaughter of wealth changed her name by a marriage in Europe from that of a well-known New York family to that of an intricately spelled and almost unpronounceable foreign one. She found that in meeting acquaintances she had to go into an explanation of what her new name realiy looked and sounded like. So she had a self-inking pocket rubber stamp made, with her name on it as ordinarily spelled, while right under the long word was a phonetic spelling of it. Now, when asked who she is since wedlock, she whips out the stamp and imprints the information succinctly on any handy scrap of paper.

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Many have been looking at women's heads, and wondering what it was sticking out from under their hats behind that resembled the handle of a stewpan wound with hair. In a theatre the other night there were three of these lifters stiffly stretching forth out of three female heads. On the extreme end of each knob something wiggled, and it turned out to be a lock of hair that originally had been curled, but had become an unpleasant looking snarl. This was the Pesikey knot. The writer saw a belle studying some photographs of statuary, with a maid standing over her and holding her wealth of hair twisted round a forefinger.

"It seems to me I like the way Andromeds has her head dressed," said the mistress.

Then the hair fixer copied the antique style of photograph. First, she twisted in a switch very tightly with the belle's hair, the first turn made loosely, and she kept winding the mass next the head. This produced the stew-pan handle so much admired at present. Then she laid across the belle's parian brow a row of short curls. Above this went a finger puff that was pinned on top and fluffed out each side; next she tucked in two short, stumpy curls on the under side of the handle, half way between the end and the head.

"You want a peplum and a cestus, a draped toga, and a Roman forum, to go with that way," said the matter-of-lact girl. "I know women are going to wear antique styles, togas and forums like Mary Anderson in Parthenia, but I know I could never got around in draperies, so I shall follow the fashion in hair,"

Then she crowned her mythologically constructed head with a felt sailor hat, turned up on the back, and trimmed with a flight of stiff ribbon bows and a brass anchor in front, and left the house half ancient and half modera, but wholly satisfied with her architecture.

* The most remunerative material night on the bush. A three or four dollar plush

loft the house half ancient and half modern, but wholly satisfied with her architecture.

* The most remunerative material in fashion to-day is plush. A three or four dollar plush is far richer in appearance than an eight-dollar velvet, and for wraps it is far superior to the costlier fabric. It will not catch dust, it does not show creases, it retains its color in sunlight as velvet never does. Plush is a great friend of the modest purse. The prottiest dress seen on the street yeasterday was a renovated, remade costume. The wearer had had the plush dress as "very best" for two winters. This fall, mingled with a nice piece of broadcloth, it came out as good as new and handsomer than ever. Cioth or camel's hair dresses are greatly improved by vest fronts of plush. They are easy to make, and with one cloth gown and three sets of plush and silk plastroms a lady can get along for a week's visit.

A pretty young girl, who detests looking after trunks, wore a myrite green cloth dress on her journey to pass a week with a friend. She came out swell for a dinner, with a green plush vest having innumerable little gold ball buttons, and gold embroidery on it, the fashlonable tight ouff reaching to the elbow of the same. Another day a front of the cloth interlaced with white soutache braid, and a still further-change was made by a black plush yoke and cuffs. All were worn with the one plainly cut green cloth. The stores are full of pretty capes and vests and square garnitures and pointed heart-shaped things to put on with plain waists. They are easily made, and so inexpensive that almost any one with time is repaid for making them instead of buying them. Nothing is more dressy than to cut out of foundation the sort of shape desired, cover it with plasted crèpe de chine, or rows of lace, and then trim it around with lace, putting a handsome ribbon bow at the bottom, and a small one under the left ear.

small one under the left car.

Sisters of Charity have been going to the race courses all through the season which has just closed. They did not even change the sombre garbof their order for ordinary clothes, nor in any way hide their identity. Every race day at any of the tracks near New York they went boldly and openly through the gates, Archielshop Corrigan's attention was called to the subject, but after consideration of the question of propriety, he decided that the Sisters might continue the practice. However, they have seen no races. They have simply gone on a charitable orrand. They have stopped at the entrances until the crowds of sporting men emerged, and then have solicited from the winners of bets some contributions for church benevolences. How do they know the winners? Because the lucky ones are apt to look it. Mistakes were sometimes made, but usually the chaps whom the shrewd Sisters politally accosted were those who had picked cut the right horses.